

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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the attention of the editor.
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POETRY.

PERSEVERANCE.

We do not know who is the author of this
sweet little poem, containing so excellent a
moral, but any one might not be willing to
have written it, but really proud to claim
its paternity. It is full of simplicity, and il-
lustrates a noble virtue. We have seen it
several times floating, an unregarded waif,
through columns where the beautiful and in-
different mingle indiscriminately; and any-
thing is considered poetry that jingles in con-
secutive or alternate lines, and every line of
which commenced with a capital letter. We
rescue it from any such oblivion, even at the
risk of repeating a twice told tale. The moral
is one that should be treasured, and it could
not be illustrated more faithfully, or more
sweetly.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our garden, and "neath the leaves,
Eased to make a nest and there did bring
Wee mud, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crown'd
Some sad mishap the tiny edifice spoil'd,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not she found, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grass she drew,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she plac'd
The last soft feather on its simple floor,
When wicked hand, or chance again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again, and toiled, and toiled, and toiled,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within its earth made walls.

What a truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn,
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan,
HAVE FAITH AND DETERMINATION.

THE MYSTERY.

BY HANNAH LOVEJOY.

Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;
No! of all thy loves thou shalt fall
To formless ruin, earth to dust, and dust
To the solemn goal that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though the soul
Sink with its vessel closer to thy breast;
Though by the feet of generations trod,
The lifeless crumbles from its place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die
The sweetness of thy presence shall not fade;
Earth gave us all the glory of thy eyes—
Death may not keep what death has never made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange and cold,
Nor those dim lips, they lay beneath the snow;
Thy heart would thro' beneath that passive fold
This hands for me that clay sleep fold.

But thou hast gone—gone from the dreary land,
Gone from the storm-lit house on a hill,
Lured by the sweet persuasion of a hand
Which leads thee somewhere in the distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou wastest yet
The same bewitching beauty sanctified
By calmer joy, and touched with soft regret
For him who seeks, but cannot reach thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of old,
And seek thy place in Nature, as a child,
Whose hand is placed in his playmate's hold,
Wanders and aries along a lonesome wild.

When in the watches of my heart, I hear,
The messages of pure life, and know
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering near,
The darkness lures the way that I should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms restore
That from the symbols of thy heavenly part
Or on the fields of barren silence pour
Thy voice, the perfect music of my heart?

O, come tending to those winnowed lips,
Take back the tender warmth of life from me,
Or let thy kisses cloud with sweet eclipse
The light of mine, and give me death with thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

SETH WOODSUM'S WIFE.

Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morn-
ing in his lower hay-field, and his eldest
son, Obadiah, smart boy of thirteen, was
opening the mown grass to the sun. Mr.
Woodsum looked up toward his house, and
beheld his little daughter, Harriet, ten years
of age, running toward him with her utmost
speed. As she came up, he perceived she
was agitated; tears were running down her
cheeks, and she had scarcely enough breath
to speak.

"O, father, she faintly articulated, 'mother
is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says
she will die before you get there!'

Mr. Woodsum was a man of sober, sound
mind, and calm nerves; but he had, what
sometimes happens in this cold and loveless
world of ours, a tender attachment for his
wife, which made the message of the little
girl fall upon his heart like a dagger.

He dropped his scythe and ran with great haste
to the house. Obadiah, who was at the
other end of the field, seeing this unusual
movement of his father, dropped his fork
and ran with all his might, and the two en-
tered the house almost at the same time.

Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bedside and
took his wife's hand.

"My dear Sally," said he, "what is the
matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Wood-
sum, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't
think you would need to ask what is the
matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am
dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you
were dying. What is the matter? how do
you feel?"

"O, I shan't live till night!" said Mrs.
Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; "I am going
fast."

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make
further inquiries, told Obadiah to run and
jump on to the horse and ride over after Doc-
tor Fairfield, and get him to come over as
quick as he can come. "Tell him I am afraid
your mother is dying. If the Doctor's horse
is away off in the pasture, ask him to take
our horse and come right away over, while
you go and catch him."

Obadiah, with tears in his eyes and his
heart in his mouth, flew so though he had
wings added to his feet, and in three minutes
time was mounted upon Old Gray, and gal-
loping with full speed toward Doctor
Fairfield's.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his
head upon the pillow, "how do you feel?
What makes you think you are dying?" And
he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke,
and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"O, Samuel," for she generally called him
by his Christian name when under the influ-
ence of tender emotion: "O, Samuel, I feel
dreadfully. I have pains darting through my
head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy
and can't hardly see, and my heart beats as
though it would come through my wide, and,
besides, I feel as though I was dying. I am
sure I can't live till night; and what will be-
come of my poor children!" And she sobbed
heavily and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not
bring himself to believe that his wife was in
such immediate danger of dissolution as she
seemed to apprehend. He thought she had
no appearance of a dying person; but still
her earnest and positive declaration that she
should not live through the day, sent a thrill
through his veins, and a sinking to his heart
that no language has power to describe. Mr.
Woodsum was an ignorant of medicine as a
child; he therefore did not attempt to do any-
thing to relieve his wife except to try to
soothe her feelings by kind and encourag-
ing words, till the Doctor arrived. The half
hour which elapsed, from the time Obadiah
left till the Doctor came, seemed to Mr.
Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly
went from the bedside to the door; to look
and see if the Doctor was anywhere near, and
as often returned to hear his wife groan, and
say she was sinking fast and could not stand
it many minutes longer.

At length Doctor Fairfield rode up to the
door on Mr. Woodsum's O. Gray, and with
his saddlebags in his hand, hastened into the
house. A brief examination of the patient
convinced him that it was a case of hypo-
chondria, and he soon spoke encouraging
words to her, and said though she was con-
siderably unwell, he did not doubt she would
be better in a little while.

"O, Doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs.
Woodsum; "don't you see I am dying? I can't
possibly live till night; I am sinking very
fast, Doctor, and I shall never see the sun
rise again. My heart sometimes almost
stops its beating now and my feet and hands
are growing cold. But I must see my poor
children once more; do let 'em come in and
bid me farewell." Here she was so over-
whelmed with sobs and tears as to prevent
her saying more.

The Doctor having administered the drugs
in such case made and provided, is followed
out by Mr. Woodsum, all anxiety to learn
the real danger of the case. He is assured
that it is only an attack of hypochondria,
and the good lady herself ere long recovers.

Again and again, however, is our friend
Seth summoned from his plow, and the Doc-
tor from his pills, to administer consolation &
relief in her dying hour, and again does she
recover.

We give below the story of

DEATH'S LAST ASSAULT.

At last the evening days of autumn
came on; Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of
his tall work, which had been several times
interrupted by these periodical turns of des-
pondency in his wife. One morning he
went to his field early, for he had a heavy
day's work to do, and had engaged one of his
neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen
and a plow to help him "break up" an old
mowing field. His neighbor could only help
him that day, and he was very anxious to
plow the whole field. He accordingly had
left the children and nurse in the house, with
strict charges to take good care of their
mother. Mr. Woodsum was driving the plow, and
things went on to their mind till about ten
o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet
came running to the field, and told her father
that her mother was dreadful sick, and
wanted him to come in as quickly as he could
for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Wood-
sum, without saying a word, drove his team
to the end of the furrow, but he looked trou-
bled and perplexed. Although he felt persua-
ded that her danger was imaginary, as it had
always proved to be before, still the idea of
the bare possibility that the sickness might
be unto death, pressed upon him with such
power that he had laid down his goadstick,
and telling his neighbor to let the cattle
breathe awhile, walked deliberately toward
the house. Before he had accomplished the
whole distance, however, his imagination had
added such wings to his speed, that he found
himself moving at a quick run. He entered
the house, and found his wife as he had so
often found her before, in her own estimation,
almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice
was faint and low, and her pillow was wet
with tears. She had already taken her leave
of her dear children, and waited only to ex-
change a few parting words with her dear
husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bed-
side, and took her hand tenderly, as he had

ever been wont to do, but he could not per-
ceive any symptoms of approaching dissolu-
tion different from what he had witnessed on
former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faint-
ly, "the time has come at last. I feel that
I am on my death-bed, and have but a short
time longer to stay with you. But I hope
you shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven.
I would go cheerfully, dear, if it was not for
my anxiety about you and the children. Now
don't you think, my dear, she continued,
with increasing tenderness; "don't you think
it would be best for you to be married
again to some kind, good woman, that would
be a mother to our dear little ones, and make
your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused and looked earnestly in his
face.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it
might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a
very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it?"
said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contrac-
tion of the muscles of the face.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have
sometimes thought about it since you've had
spells of being so very sick. It makes me
feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know
but it might be my duty."

"Well, do think it over," said Mrs. Wood-
sum. "If you can only get the right so far of
a person. Everything depends upon that, my
dear, and I hope you will be very particular
about who you get—very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum;
"don't give yourself any uneasiness about
that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be
very particular. The person I shall probably
have is one of the kindest and best-tempered
women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in
particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum,
with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is
one that I have thought for some time past I
should probably marry, if it should be the
will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?"
said the wife, with an expression more of
earth than heaven returning to her eye.

"Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You haven't na-
med it to me, have you?"

"O, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but,
my dear, we had better drop the subject; it
agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it
is, I never could die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about,"
said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to
me it would be best to call names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum,
who had by this time, raised herself up, with
great earnestness, and was leaning on her
elbow, while her searching glance was read-
ing every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr.
Woodsum, I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum with a
sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear, I have
thought if it should be the will of Providence
to take you from us, to be here no more, I
have thought I should marry for my second
wife Hannah Lovejoy."

An earthy fire once more flashed from Mrs.
Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed
like a cat, walked across the room, and seat-
ed herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling
voice, almost choked with agitation—"what
marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Love-
joy? Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for
me and blood to bear—I can't endure that
nor I won't. Hannah Lovejoy to be the
mother of my children! No, that's what she
never shall. So you may go to your plowing,
Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest—
Susan," she continued, "make up more fire
under that dinner-pot!"

Mr. Woodsum went to the field and pur-
sued his work, and when he returned at noon
he found dinner well prepared, and his wife
ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs.
Woodsum's health from that day continued
to improve, and she was never afterward visit-
ed by the terrible affection of hypochondria.—JACK DOWNING.

INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.

A school teacher who has been engaged a
long time in his profession and witnessed the
influence of a newspaper upon the minds of
a family of children, writes to the editor of
the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:

I have learned it to be the universal fact,
without exception, that those scholars of
both sexes and of all ages, who have had ac-
cess to a newspaper at home, when compared
with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excelling in pronuncia-
tion and in emphasis, and consequently read
more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define
words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of
geography, in almost half the time it requires
others, as the newspaper has made them fam-
iliar with the location of the government's
and doing on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for hav-
ing become so by the style in the newspaper
from the common advertisement, to the dis-
tinct and classical oration of the statesman,
they more readily comprehend the meaning
of the text, and consequently analyse its con-
struction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using
better language, containing more thoughts,
more clearly and more connectedly expressed.

6. These young men who have been for
years readers of the newspapers, are always
taking the lead in the debating societies, ex-
hibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a
greater variety of subjects, and expressing
their views with greater fluency, clearness
and correctness in the use of language.

Gen. Bayley of Accomac, a leading
member of Congress, declines to enlist under
the banner of Wise, in his struggle for the
Governorship of the ancient Dominion. He
will no doubt, support Flournoy.

The motion for a new trial in the case
of Parks, at Cleveland was overruled, and he
was sentenced to be hung on the first Fri-
day of June.

The Present Czar.

The following is from the New York Tri-
bune of the 10th.

In whatever way Nicholas closed his ca-
reer, the most interesting question which
presents itself is how his successor, now Alex-
ander II, will act. Long ago European
newspapers intimated that a grave misunder-
standing prevailed in the Imperial family, hav-
ing its source in the complications, inter-
which Russia was precipitated by the way.
It was severely represented that the present
Emperor was opposed to the policy of his fa-
ther, and that of a party said to be headed
by the Grand Duke Constantine, his younger
brother, a young man of eminent capacities.
Still, no positive facts ever confirmed these
reports. On the contrary, as commander-in-
chief of the Guards, the hereditary Grand
Duke, now marched into Lithuania and Pol-
and, and was thus to command, offensively
or defensively, this great army comprising
the flower of the Russian forces. His head-
quarters have been at Wilna. This and many
other reasons lead us to suppose that there
will not be at once any departure from the
policy pursued by his father.

The new Czar was born on the 29th of
April, 1818, and accordingly is nearly 37. If
not of extraordinary abilities, he possesses
fair capacity and intellects. If not gifted
with the iron will of his father, and if mark-
ed by a certain mildness of temper, he has
exhibited more than once considerable ener-
gy. He has a poetical and chivalrous turn
of mind, and is Russian to the core. Years
ago he urged the use of the Russian language
at Court, instead of French. As Grand Duke
was always kindly to any pure, genuine Rus-
sian development in literature and art. Some
ten years ago he insisted strongly upon the
propagation of the Russo-Greek creed, and
among the Protestant Finns, Esthonsians, and
other tribes forming the peasantry in the Baltic
provinces.

It is scarcely to be supposed that he will
make any changes among the highest dignita-
ries of the Empire. Such things will come
by and by, as for some time past he has had
a small court and a knot of favorites around
him. Prominent among these is the Prince
Baryatinsky, who last least distinguished
himself in Asia against the Turk and Circas-
sian Schamyl. This prince is a proud,
haughty and ambitious Russian. He spent
his youth at Vienna, and it is possible he may
be sent thither, under some pretext, to con-
trol the action of the Russian Legation, at
the Conference.

Could it be admitted that the war, at the
start, had not the approval of the new Em-
peror, he will feel inclined to prosecute it
vigorously, unless a peace, acceptable to Rus-
sia, can be obtained. In honor of the mem-
ory of his father, whom he loved devotedly,
and to whom he looked with deep reverence,
he will act. He was always treated by the
deceased Czar with the utmost fondness—
always as the most confidential friend, and
as his successor. For about eighteen years
the Grand Duke has been habitually present
at Cabinet meetings, giving his opinion and
sharing with his father the thorny and heavy
burdens of absolute power. It was the aim
of the late Emperor to fit his son to sway the
Imperial scepter, and not allow him to be ta-
ken unawares in his new position. Alex-
ander II, therefore, ascends the throne, not
as a mere novice, but wholly aware of the
great task that is before him. If so disposed
he could not at once change the policy of the
Empire. The late Czar, idolized as he was,
by the Russian people, will now be looked
upon as a kind of martyr to the strong and
wide coalition against him, and his sudden
death will, in our view, lend fresh fuel to the
warlike flame. In this point of view, the
death of Nicholas creates no new probability
of peace, nor renders it possible to count on
any concession to the allies which he
would not make.

Another probability which merits consid-
eration, is that the King of Prussia, the uncle
of the new Czar, with the Prussian Court, and
the officers of the army, and of course, what
is called politically the Berlin, moved by the
sentiment of so called chivalrous honor, will
not desert the young Autocrat. Indeed, they
will be likely to espouse his cause more de-
cidedly. Nor should we be astonished to
hear that Francis Joseph, moved by common
courtesy, should mediate for an armistice, to
give time to the new sovereign to assume
his royal charge, to ascertain his position and
decide on his policy. That such a demand,
made by Austria, and backed by Prussia, would
be acceded to by the English Cabinet, at
least, is probable. Out of this might arise
an interruption in the fighting in the Crim-
ea, as well as a delay in the negotiations for
peace. It would, however, be premature to
deduce from the death of Nicholas any con-
siderable addition to the chances of a speedy
termination of the war.

Russian Serfs.—In his lecture on Russia
in Cincinnati, Dr. BAIRD made the following
statements about the number, ownership and
prospects of the Russian serfs:

20,000,000 serfs belonged to the Emperor.
1,600,000 to the members of the Imperial
Family.

26,500,000 to the Nobles.

The late Emperor had formed a plan for
their liberation, by the serfs themselves al-
lowing a certain sum to be worked out by la-
bor in a series of years, for their emancipa-
tion; but though it was never yet carried into
execution, the system of slavery was such
that it could be abolished, and they were pre-
paring the serfs by education, &c., for the
reception of the boon of freedom.

Judge Burgoyne, of Cincinnati, has
granted a writ against the captain of the
steamer Falls City, to show cause why an at-
tachment for contempt should not issue
against him for resisting the Sheriff in the
execution of his writ of habeas corpus, in the
case of the slaves on board that boat.

Perry Dennison, a clerk in the post of-
fice at Chicago, has been detected in taking
money from the mail. He is now in jail.

The Distinguished Dead—1851.

Probably it will be conceded that not so
many distinguished men saw their "last of
earth" in 1851, as in some previous period,
yet the past year has been noted for the
great and sweeping calamities on land and
sea which have carried off its victims, who
had their own circle of usefulness, to which
they were the centre, and where their loss
was felt as strongly as when a giant dies.

On the 4th of January, the death of Lord
Plunket was announced. He had been
Chancellor of Ireland, and was the last of
that constellation of Irish orators that made
the bar of Ireland as luminous some fifty
years ago. He was 90 years of age.

Vicount Bessborough, a noted English Gen-
eral, who, as Marshal Bessborough, he
gained the battle of Albuera over Soult.

Thomas H. Perkins, a distinguished mer-
chant, of Boston, died on the 10th of Janu-
ary aged 89.

On the 18th, Captain Allen Partridge, aged
75, at Norwich, Vt., long and favorably known
as a military instructor.

Judah Touro, a distinguished member of
the Hebrew nation, at New Orleans, January
18th, aged 79. He was especially distin-
guished for his benevolence, and the proper
use to which he applied his great wealth.

Some time during the month, the Marquis
of Londonderry, who was distinguished in the
army of Wellington, and subsequently as a
statesman.

January 7th, Count Thibauden, at Paris, the
last survivor of the Convention that voted
death to Louis XVI.

January 13th, Thomas Noon Talford, one
of the Judges of England.

Selah B. Hobbie, Assistant Postmaster
General of the United States, January 21st.

January 23d, M. de Bodisco, Russian Am-
bassador to the U. S., aged 70.

March 28th, the reigning Duke of Parma
was stabbed in his capital.

April 3d, Professor J. Wilson, a distin-
guished Scotch writer, aged 66—known as
the Christopher North of Blackwood. His
best poetical productions were the "Isle of
Palma" and the "City of the Plague." He
wrote the "Lights and Shades of Scottish
Life."

April 29th, Marquis of Angles, aged 86.
He was much distinguished as a military of-
ficer, and probably ranked in England next
to Wellington. He lost a leg at the battle
of Waterloo.

April 30th, James Montgomery aged 82.—
He was well known as an English poet, and
his works were universally read. They are
noted for piety and purity of thought, beau-
ty of diction, and sweetness of numbers.

May 23d, John Smith, Patriarch of the
Church of Latter Day Saints at Salt Lake
City.

May 24th, Admiral Hyde Parker, a well
known English Naval Commander.

On the 1st of June, Mrs. Emily Judson,
(Emily Chubbuck) widow of Dr. Judson, the
missionary, whose writings under the name
of "Fanny Forrester" are well known.

Thomas Ritchie, long known as the editor
of the Richmond Enquirer, and as the most
powerful political writer of the Southern
States, died on the 3d of July, aged 70.

Count Cassimir Batthyany, a disting-
uished Hungarian Exile, died at Paris, July 12th.

On the 14th of July, Abbas Pasha, Vice-
roy of Egypt. He was the grandson of Me-
hemet Ali, and the nephew of Ibrahim Pasha
whom he succeeded.

July 10th, N. B. Bunt, a well known law-
yer of New York city, aged 82.

In New York, August 4th, Don Jose Bar-
randa, Minister of Honduras to the United
States, aged 70.

August 10th, the King of Saxony was killed
by a fall from his carriage.

Near Metz, August 19th, General Paixhan,
aged 71, known for the invention of a piece
of artillery that bears his name.

Reverend Leonard Woods, D. D., an able
theologian, died at Andover, August 24th, aged
80.

September 21st, Right Reverend Jonathan
Wairwright, D. D., Bishop of New York, aged
92. He was a man highly respected and
beloved.

September 23th, Marshal St. Arnaud, com-
mander of the French army in the Crimea,
died there. He had been noted in the French
wars in Algeria.

October 1st, Mrs. Annie Royal, well known
at Washington some years ago.

November 9th, at Washington, Mrs. Eliza-
beth Hamilton, widow of Alexander Hamil-
ton, aged 97.

November 11th, Charles Kemble, a distin-
guished English actor, aged 79.

On the 25th of October, John Gibson Lock-
hart, aged 63. He was an illustrious Eng-
lish writer, editor of the Quarterly, and son-
in-law of Sir Walter Scott, whose biography
is one of the ablest of his works.

December 10th, Mrs. Anne Bayard, widow
of James A. Bayard, aged 77, whose father
husband, and two sons have been United
States Senators.

December 27th, T. W. Dorr, of Rhode Is-
land, who will long be remembered as the
leader of the rebellion against the constitu-
tional authorities of that State in 1811.

December 28th, Ex-Governor Morehead of
Kentucky, aged 58.

Kissano in the Police Gazette.

A late number of this journal gives a
sketch of the life of this notorious character,
and an